

## Children Cry for Fletcher's

## CASTORIA

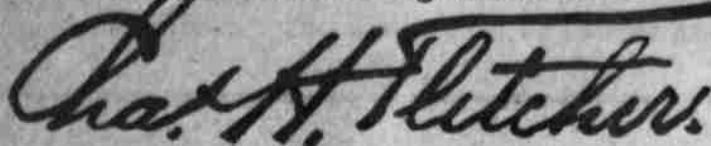
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## HERTZ THE REAL DISCOVERER

Marconi Made Practical Success of the Wireless, but Was Not First in the Field.

The principle of wireless telegraphy is easily comprehended. As is known light and heat move in waves whose lengths can be measured. Thus, the sun gives out in every direction light in a series of undulating waves which may not only be measured, but can be deflected, polarized, and so on. Some idea of this may be gained from the well-known fact that when a stone is thrown into a smooth pool of water a series of circular waves extends in all directions. If any floating object comes within these waves they are oscillated.

It was the lamented Prof. Hertz who discovered that electricity, like light and heat, also moves in waves which may be measured. Just precisely how these waves pass through the atmosphere is not wholly understood, but it is believed that they have some relation to ether, which is omnipresent and which is believed to constitute all matter under different negative electrical conditions. In wireless telegraphy a series of Hertzian waves are set up by powerful electrical dynamos or batteries, and these are discharged from the top of a high mast or pole. These waves extend in all directions, and, unless their force is expended by distance they exert certain effects in the receiver of wireless telegraph instruments within the zone, just as the waves disturb chips on a pool. Messages are sent and received somewhat on the plan of ordinary Morse code by wires, in that electrical impulses are regulated so as to spell words according to a code.

To Marconi belongs the credit of making a practical success of the discoveries of others, but to Hertz belongs the credit of making the system possible.

## PASSED AN UNQUIET NIGHT

Traveler, Lost in the Bush, Was Glad to Do Without the Blessings of Slumber.

But I had never given a thought to the course I had taken in my gallop across the veldt. I kept on and on, and before long it grew dark and somewhat cold. So I dismounted, and after thinking it over, I knee-baited the horse and let him go, crept head first into a large ant-bear hole for a night's lodging, and made myself as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, using the blebok hide for a blanket. The night was dark as pitch.

Sleep was out of question. I suppose it was the haunches and the raw hide that attracted the creatures, but before long it really seemed as if I had settled down in a village of wild pigs and insulted the whole community. To begin with, squealing incessantly, they seemed to be racing round and round in a circle, taking me for its center. Then a number of jackals drawing nearer and nearer, joined in the chorus. But I soon discovered that if I disliked the noise I fairly dreaded the silence. During the quiet spells I knew that something was chewing industriously at the projecting ends of the raw hide in which I was enveloped. It was hard work for me to keep from kicking incessantly, but whenever I rested for a minute the chewing developed into vigorous tugs, the significance of which it was easy for one in my position to appreciate.

However, I kicked the night through in safety, and early in the morning, to my delight, I found my horse a short distance away, nibbling contentedly at his breakfast.—Atlantic Monthly.

## Most Popular Character.

Charles Dickens once received an invitation to a "Walter Scott" party, each guest being expected to attend in the character of one or another of Scott's heroes. On the evening night, however, greatly to the astonishment of the assembled Rob Roys and Waverleys, Dickens turned up in ordinary evening dress and apparently quite unconcerned. At length the host, who was feeling uneasy, came up to the novelist and inquired:

"Pray, Mr. Dickens, what character of Scott's can you possibly be supposed to represent?"

"Character!" said Dickens. "Why sir, a character you will find in every one of Scott's novels. I," he went on smilingly, "am the 'gentle reader.'"

## Terrible Ordeal.

"It was perfectly frightful," said Chubbleigh. "There we ran at top speed around the corner, and the first thing I knew we dashed plumb into that grocer's wagon. I guess it must have held a hundred dozen eggs."

"Oh, well, that wasn't so bad, was it?" said Hicks. "You could afford to pay for 'em, couldn't you?"

"Oh, it wasn't that," said Chubbleigh, with a shudder. "But I don't believe there was a good egg in the whole lot."—Harper's Weekly.

## Already Accomplished.

A reader asked the sage for advice saying:

"I am engaged to Kate Murphy, but my former fiancée, Kate Dooley, threatens to sue me for breach of promise. Can you advise me how to extricate myself from this difficulty?"

The reply of the sage was short. It ran:

"My dear reader, if I may say so you seem to have extra-Kated yourself already!"

## ENDORSED AT HOME.

## Such Proof As This Should Convince Any Hopkinsville Citizen.

The public endorsement of a local citizen is the best proof that can be produced. None better, none stronger can be had. When a man comes forward and testifies to his fellow-citizens, addresses his friends and neighbors, you may be sure he is thoroughly convinced or he would not do so. Telling ones experience when it is for the public good is an act of kindness that should be appreciated. The following statement given by a resident of Hopkinsville adds one more to the many cases of Home Endorsement which are being published about Doan's Kidney Pills. Read it.

J. H. Hayes, N. Clay St., Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "Some time ago I used a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and found them beneficial. I had kidney trouble which caused my back to ache. I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised, got a box and used them as directed. They promptly cured me. It gives me pleasure to recommend this excellent preparation."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

## Kentucky Fairs.

Horse Cave—Hart County Fair, September 16-21.

Mayfield—West Kentucky Fair Association, October 9-12.

Melbourne—Newport Driving Fair Association, September 17-21.

Morgantown—Butler County Fair, September 19-21.

KENTUCKY STATE FAIR, Louisville, Sept. 9th-14th.

Farmers, mechanics, railroads, laborers, rely on Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Fine for cuts, bruises, should be kept in ever home. 25c and 50c.

## A Matter of Assurance.

"Some of your speeches," said the cynical friend, "make me think of a mathematical marvel I once knew." "In what way?" "He would dispose ofhand of any problem you gave him. Nobody in the crowd was able to say whether he got the right answer, and it really didn't seem to make much difference, anyhow."

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headache, lacked ambition, was worn out and all run down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman"—Mrs. Chas. Freitas, Moosup, Conn.

## Sublime and Ridiculous.

We like fine writing when it is properly applied; so we appreciate the following burst of eloquence in a contemporary: "As the ostrich uses both legs and wings when the Arabian courser bounds in her ear—as the winged lightning loas from the heavens when the thunderbolts are loosed—so does a little negro run when a big dog is after him."

Bilious? Feel heavy after dinner? Bitter taste? Complexion salow? Liver perhaps needs waking up. Doan's Regulents for bilious attack. 25c at all stores.

## Golden Opportunity.

A stranger passed through our show street the other evening and heard our popular youth and beauty in the strenuous warble of gladsome song. He was much impressed, and later, in lauding the town to ye editor, he said that he didn't know of a place on earth where there was such a golden opportunity for a good music teacher.—Hedge Corners Herald.

The name—Doan's inspires confidence—Doan's Kidney Pills for kidney ills. Doan's Ointment for skin itching. Doan's Regulents for a mild laxative. Sold at all drug stores.

## Shark Hatched in Captivity.

For some time a shark's egg in the Glasgow (Scotland) Aquarium has been watched from day to day. It hatched a few days ago, an event unique in many respects. The tiny shark seems quite at home, and is not a bit shy of the numerous visitors who have crowded to see it.

Children Cry  
FOR FLETCHER'S  
CASTORIA

## Whole Like the Rest

The professor had taught badly that day, and little John Kurzmann had even gone away with tears in his eyes because of the unwanted scolding. But what did Heinrich Vollner care? He was not thinking of the small boys' tears.

Sheets of music lay scattered about on chairs and table and floor. Even his violin, his precious soul-mate, lay neglected on the couch. Something surely was wrong; for the violin, when not in use, was always carefully shut away in its case. Indeed, the violin was the only thing in the studio that was well cared for. Heinrich guarded it with something like the zeal of a mother for her child.

But even the violin was forgotten. The fingers of introspection were at work in his soul, pulling the delicate



tissues to bits. Could he never be one man, whole like the rest of his fellows? Why must one self forever sit aside watching the other, weighing, analyzing? The habit of a lifetime was too strong to break. It made him everywhere an onlooker, unhappy,

ill at ease. His friends said he thought too much.

Heinrich was alone, and the hair on his temples was now thickly sprinkled with gray. He wanted no wife—he had his violin; so he would argue with those who questioned his mode of living.

Yes, he had his violin. He was the greatest violinist in the city, and recently his name had won much more than local recognition. But what cared he for that? It was music, not fame, that he loved.

Tenderly at night when the oft times irksome duties of the day were over he would take the precious violin and, laying his cheek against her, let his heart speak. Then the pent-up emotion in his soul was set free and then, if ever, he was at one with himself. He could play a light-hearted rondo with all the abandon of a child; but it was always the sad minor motifs that he loved best. For Wagner, as well as for the present-day sentimentalists, he had not a great deal of time. Beethoven and Tschaiowsky drove deeper into his soul. He liked the fine intellectual gloom of Beethoven, the gripping, magnificent mournfulness of Tschaiowsky. Who were the great artists? Those who had thought as well as felt; those to whom the poem of life, if it was a poem, spelled tragedy.

But he could not play tonight. Hands as well as brain seemed powerless. He dropped his head on his arms over the opened sheet of music on the table.

How miserable he was! Today as never before the unutterable solitude of life had pressed in upon him, and now in the twilight the whole room seemed vibrant with a note of melancholy. And Marietta—was she, too, unhappy? Dear Marietta, with her sunny eyes and her smile as inexplicable as the smile of Mona Lisa! He had met her in the broad light of the street that morning, and with quick sympathy had noted how worn and sad she looked—sad until sight of him sent the glad light laughing to her eyes. Why had he not seen her all that long winter? Perhaps she was unhappy; perhaps she was not well; perhaps she was in want! Oh, God! that Marietta should be in want when gold was flowing in to him—so much more than he could ever use in his simple life!

He remembered the first time he had seen her. She had taken a room in the same building; she had just come to the city and was giving lessons in folk dancing. He had noticed her in the hall, caught by the dignity of her bearing and by a certain lovely resoluteness in her face. And then that evening she had come to his door—could he ever forget that?

He had been playing a certain romance of Tschaiowsky's of which he was very fond, and which seemed

In some way to open up the doors of the eternal mystery, giving one a glimpse into the great sorrowful heart of all things. And having finished it, he had laid the violin down. That was enough for one evening. Then came a knock at the door, and Heinrich rose and opened it. There stood Marietta, radiant, holding out a little white hand.

"I had to thank you. Oh, if you knew how much I needed that!"

In an instant she had vanished, but he had held her hand and noted on her face an expression he had never seen on a woman's face before. She, too, recognized the beautiful and inexplicable sadness of life; she, too, had fathomed the height and depth of human emotion.

From that night he had seen more of Marietta, dropping into her studio almost daily, and talking to her more frankly than he had ever talked to any woman. She understood.

Then, quite suddenly, Marietta went away, moved to another part of the city. She had left him her address and he had promised to look her up; but four months had passed and he had not done so.

Not that he had not wanted to! Oh, no! But Marietta was young—fully fifteen years younger than he—and why should he consume her time? Besides, he hesitated on his own account, with that strange sort of paralysis known only to the morbidly introspective. If he could only have been younger! If he could only have been more worthy! Marietta seemed so fresh and young; he himself so old.

He rose without exactly knowing why and took his hat. Outside it was quite dark. The clock in St. James tower was just sounding eight. He wondered if Marietta would be at home. He drew a card from his vest pocket—a business card of Marietta's which she had sent him—though he did not know that—as a gentle reminder of his promise. He boarded a car. Somehow he felt very happy. Perhaps Marietta did need him, after all.

She was at home—in a broad window-seat, watching the full moon as it came up over the opposite houses. She rose with an apology for having no light. Heinrich did not even hear her.

"Oh, little one," he burst forth, "it is so lonely since you have gone! Are you happy, little one?" He held both her hands. She was silent.

"Speak, Marietta, do you love me? Oh, I am unworthy—but I love you!"

"Heinrich!" Gently he drew her to a seat beside him, and lovingly the south wind and the April moonlight caressed them.

"To think that you cared!" Marietta murmured.—Buffalo Express.

## STRANGE FOSTER MOTHER.

At a farm in the Dreghorn district of Ayrshire, Scotland, can be seen the uncommon spectacle of a hen nursing kittens. At the head of a byre a hen made its nest in a bunch of straw. A cat subsequently made it the home for a number of kittens. When the hen found its nest occupied it attacked the cat and drove it out of the nest, afterward being seen to enter the nest beside the kittens and brooding them by tucking them beneath its wings. When the hen departed the cat returned to the nest and did its turn of nursing, and this has been a daily occurrence, the hen returning for a time each day to the nest, when it would peck off the cat, although careful not to molest the kittens.

## MADE PERILOUS CLIMB.

Because he was superstitious about beginning work on a Friday, Fred Wagner, the Pennsylvania steeple-jack, who agreed to regild the ball on top of Zion Reformed church tower in Allentown, Pa., a short time ago, started his work at night. The top of the spire is 200 feet in air, and it took him two hours to ascend. This included half an hour during which he was unable to go either up or down through the tangle of the ropes. Wagner mounted by means of a triple sling, standing on one and holding himself with his teeth by the other as he used his hands to work the third loop upward on his perilous climb. Although it was night and rainy, hundreds of persons watched him.